ENOUGH

You honor Me with your lips

yet your heart is FAR from Me

Far like the east from the west

far like heaven from Babylon

All I see is dead bones

Painted

Perfumed

Moving with rehearsed grace

but rotting underneath

you turned my house of prayer

into a den of thieves

you turned my house of prayer

into a theater of mockery

A valley of hardened hearts

playing a puppet show

Tugging strings

smiling wide

but HOLLOW in spirit

You wear My name like jewelry

but not like a burden

You quote My Word like decoration

but not like a sword

You pray in performance

but never in surrender

And still you dance

You sing

You act

But the Lord is not entertained

I have not come for the righteous

but for the SINNERS,

the lowly

I search for HEARTS

not hands

I search for TEARS

not performance

For oil in the lamp

not glitter on the face

You perform for Men

yet forget

I AM the audience

I see behind the scenes

I hear your thoughts that never reach your tongue

ENOUGH

There will be no revival until the show is over.

Until your mask cracks

until the dolls return to dust

Because My Spirit does not dwell in a circus

My Spirit hides from the wise

and dwells with the crushed

The little children

The ones who tremble at My Word